Vol. V. Numb. 66

THE OBSERVATOR.

An Account of Mr. Smithies's *Sermon. A Letter ſent him on that Account. With Remarks. Of the Murder of ſeveral* Engliſh *and* Dutch *Soldiers in* Spain. *With Obſervations. A like Story from* Ireland. *The Miſchiefs of* Prieſt-craft. *A Word to the High-flying and Tacking Clergy.*

From Wednesday, October 30. to Saturday, November 2. 1706.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, the *Rehearſal*, of late, has accus'd you of abuſing the Clergy. I have often obſerv'd, that you are a Friend to the honeſt Clergy; but the Tackers, and the Enemies to the Queen and Government, among High-Church *Enthuſiaſticks*, you have no great Favour for, tho' you wiſh them a ſincere Repentance. I move this Point on the Account of Mr. *Smithies*'s Sermon, which I am ſure you have read, and which is run down by all the *Tories* and *High-Flyers* about Town. 'Tis induſtriouſly expos'd.

Obſ. What you ſay, is true enough; but we are to enquire into the Reaſon of it.

The Sermon is call'd, " *The Coffee-houſe* " *Preachers*, or, *High-Church Divinity corrected*; " being a *SERMON* preach'd before the May- " or and Aldermen of *Colcheſter*, at the Electi- " on of a Mayor, to the exceeding Reproof of " a new High-Church Doctrine lately main- " tain'd there by ſundry Clergy-men of the " Church of *England*, to the eternal Shame " and Scandal of their Morals, *viz. That it is* " *lawful to ſwear by the Name of* GOD *in common* " *Diſcourſe, provided the Things be true that we* " *ſwear to.*

Mr. *Smithies* has been very rudely abus'd in more than one Libel, on the Account of his Sermon, which is ingenious in it ſelf, the Matter of it Sacred, and its Tendency is to the Reformation of the Manners of Men, and their Behaviour towards God in their common Diſcourſe. Mr. *Smithies* has fully prov'd his Point. But very angry are the Tacking Clergy, that he won't let 'em ſwear without Reproof. To ſhow the Temper and Ingenuity of that Party, I will read you one of their Letters ſent to the Reverend Mr. *Smithies.*

SIR,

" I Read over a non-ſenſical Sermon, which I " underſtand you rail'd out upon the Ele- " ction-Day of your Mayor's. I wonder they " had the Patience to ſit to hear ſo much " Railery, and Non-ſenſe, and Malice in a- " bundance. I ſuppoſe you thought that Ser- " mon might raiſe you to be a Biſhop; but I " think, that you hardly deſerve to be a Dog- " Whipper belonging to any Church, except it " be *Geneva*. As for Mr. *Bennet*, that you have " rail'd againſt, I think, in plain *Engliſh*, you " are not worthy to kiſs his Arſe. As for the " other, I know him not. But if it were true, " what you ſay of them in your Piece of Rail- " ing, you ought to have told them of it be- " tween your ſelves; and if they had ſtood to " what they ſaid, you might have complain'd " of them to the Biſhop, and have had them " ſuſpended, until they had made a Recanta- " tion in publick, of what they had ſaid, if " it were true, that they did ſay ſo. I would " have you leave off this way of abuſing of " your Betters; it ſhows your want of good " Manners. Your Writing is like that Villain " the *Obſervator*, who, I ſuppoſe, is your School- " Maſter. You deſerve to have your Gown " pull'd over your Ears. We have too many " ſuch Fellows in the Church, the more is the " pitty. A ſhort Cloak would better become " your Back, than a Gown. It is an ill Bird " that will beſhit his own Neſt. You would " make a very good Member of the *Calves-head* " *Club*. As for a Son of the Church, I am " ſure that you are not. You are grown migh- " ty good ſince that you loſt your Arm. Good- " man, no Body can ſay Black is your Eye. " You are become a Saint, a Low-Church Saint, " a Devil in a Saint's Habit. This is all at preſent, from

Oct. 5. 1706. *Deutreduegrand Greck.*

Country-m. Maſter, I would have no Body ſwear; you and I never did ſo; tho' ſometimes we do give Nature a Fillip with a Pot of *October*, yet we don't blaſpheme our Maker, by whoſe Bounty we ſubſiſt, and have all the good Things of this Life. Upon this Account we ought not to Curſe and Swear while we are drinking, becauſe at that time we are partaking of the Bounty of Heaven; we are drinking comfortable *October*, when many that deſerve better than us from the Hand of Providence, are drinking of Water. Beſides, 'tis daring of Heaven, when we know 'tis in the Power of the Almighty to make even our Liquor our Executioner, it may choak us going down, or afterwards may throw us into a Fever, and deprive us of Life.

But I find the Tacking High-Church Clergy are minded to have Swearing their Characteriſtick; much good may it do them, tho' I muſt confeſs I like Parſon *Auricula Tacker*'s way a great deal better; he claps his Hand upon his Gown, and ſays, *By this Cloth, 'tis true*; *By this Cloth, I'll do ſo and ſo.* But the Scripture ſays, *Swear not at all.*

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, what News at *London*? Do the Mails bring any thing conſiderable?

Country-m. Ay, Maſter, conſiderable indeed. Here's a Story makes my Heart ake.

Obſ. Prethee let me hear it, that I may condole with thee.

Country-m.

Country-m. 'Tis a bloody Story indeed. Some of our *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Soldiers, that were Priſoners of War in *Spain*, by the Order of *Anjou*, had all of 'em their Throats cut in cold Blood. Han't we Priſoners of theirs in *England*, in *Flanders*, in *Holland*, *Spain*, and other Places? I would have all their Throats cut, by way of Retaliation.

Obſ. Hold, *Roger*, this is a bloody barbarous Story, but the Queen of *England* is a Proteſtant, our Holy Religion inſtructs us in nothing that is cruel and diſhonourable. God is the Avenger of Blood, and this ſingle Inſtance does portend heavier Judgments to be inflicted on the Race of *Lewis* XIV. the Cut-Throat of *Europe*.

Satisfaction may be taken after an honourable manner for this barbarous Uſage. If our Men give 'em no Quarter in Fight, 'tis no more than what they may rationally expect. I was once an Eye-witneſs of ſuch a barbarous Murder: When *Sarsfield* intercepted our Carriages and Artillery in *Ireland*, the barbarous *Iriſh* cut the Throats of all the innocent Waggoners, and of many Women and Children that were with 'em. I ſhall never forget that bloody Sight, nor can I think of it, to this Day, without Horror. Some of the Women were big with Child, and theſe they had ripp'd up; one Child cut out of its Mother's Bowels, had Life in it when I came upon the Spot; and ſeveral Infants and Children of eight or ten Years of Age, lay with their Throats cut from Ear to Ear; and ſome of the affrighted Creatures flying for Shelter to a Cabbin, the barbarous Villains ſhut 'em up, and firing the Cabbin, burnt 'em alive. 'Tis true, we never murder'd any of the Enemies Priſoners of War, or helpleſs innocent Women or Children, where we had the fortune to conquer, but ever after that, we gave the Enemy Waggoners Quarter; that was the Word with us in all Engagements after that time.

This bloody Action will be the Occaſion of much more Blood. *Spain* will be water'd with it. Miſerable *Spaniards!* into what Extremities have you brought your ſelves?

And now, Gentlemen of the Gown, I don't mean thoſe at the Bar, but thoſe in the Pulpit, I owe you no ill Will, but I can't, on this Occaſion, help reflecting on the Miſeries that attend a Prieſt-rid People, and the dangerous miſchievous Effects of Prieſt-craft.

What will become of the *Spaniards*, I can't tell, nor how many of 'em will be murder'd, if they'll cut Throats when their Prieſts bid 'em. This Murder of the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, was a Trick of the Prieſthood. Bigotry has done King *Charles* more Miſchief, than all the Enemies Forces could do. The Prieſts have ever given it out, That he's come thither to conquer the Kingdom with Hereticks, and the Papiſts believe they merit Heaven, if they can cut a Proteſtant's Throat.

Country-m. Maſter, I think our poor Fellows are but in a ſad Condition; but I'll warrant 'em they'll fight it out to the laſt Man next bout; they won't be made Priſoners of War, and have their Throats cut.

Obſ. 'Tis no Religious War in *Spain*: We have not ſent our Forces thither to pull down Popery, but to ſet up a lawful Prince, againſt whom the Prieſt makes Hereſy a Pretence. Can there be any thing more ridiculous, than that Story of theirs, concerning our Soldiers diſperſing of Proteſtant Catechiſms, in order to convert the Papiſts? I never found our Soldiery ſo very Religious; but 'tis a good Amuſement to the blind Zealots, a Holy neceſſary Cheat.

What Murders and Maſſacres have been procur'd by the Popiſh Clergy? What Rivers of Blood have flow'd from its Spring, the Altar? Nor are the Popiſh Clergy the only Men that have dipt their Garments in Blood: Let our High-flying Clergy-men remember what they have done; their Doctrines of *Paſſive-Obedience* and *Non-Reſiſtance*, have had bloody Effects; they brought in Popery in King *James*'s Time, and in King *William*'s they occaſion'd all the Blood ſpilt in *Ireland* and *Scotland*. King *James* was not ſo bad, but he might have been mended; but inſtead of that, he was marr'd by the High-flying Clergy: He receiv'd his Leſſon of arbitrary Power from the Pulpit, which brought the Nation into Convulſions, and the Struggle is not yet over.

I can't leave this Subject, without admoniſhing our Tacking Clergy, and adviſing them to Repentance, for oppoſing the Friends of the beſt of Queen's at the laſt Elections. Let 'em but ſeriouſly conſider whoſe Work they are a doing, and whether, ſhould they accompliſh their Deſigns, *England* would not be as unhappy as *Spain?* God forgive you, Gentlemen, for what is paſt; but reform and amend.

Country-m. Amen.

Advertiſements.

Juſt publiſh'd,

*** The Journal of the Proceedings of the Lords Commiſſioners of both Nations, in the Treaty of Union, which began the 16th of *April*, 1706. and was concluded the 22d of *July* following. With the State of the Revenues of both Kingdoms, and publick Debts of the Nation; the Proportions the preſent Exciſe on Liquor in *Scotland* do bear to the ſeveral Branches of that Revenue in *England*. With the Articles then agreed on. Printed at *Edinburgh* by Order of the Parliament of *Scotland*, and Re-printed at *London*, from the authentick Copy, for *Andrew Bell*, at the *Croſs Keys* and *Bible* in *Cornhill*.

*** The *Rehearſal Rehears'd*, in a Dialogue between *Bayes* and *Johnſon*, is continu'd to be publiſh'd on Mondays, and ſold by *Benj. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

Theſe are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, the Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. ſells (rightly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills, eminently experienc'd above 50 Years, to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Running of the Reins, and the moſt inveterate Venereal Diſeaſe, with all its attending Symptoms, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, without Fluxing, Confinement, or the Uſe of *Mercurial* Preparations, (which is generally deſtructive.) Theſe Medicines need no Words to expreſs their Virtues; the many miſerable Ones that have been cur'd after given over by others, and the daily and ſpeedy Cures they perform, ſufficiently recommend them as the moſt Soveraign Remedy in the World againſt all ſuch Malignities. She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compaſſion to the Diſtreſs'd, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pills 1*s.* the Box, with Directions; and Advice *gratis* to thoſe afar off, as if preſent. ☞ She lives at the *Golden Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over againſt *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

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